

some one who has never wronged me, or stirred
 by a great love
 for some one whom I shall never see. There is no
 mood or
 passion that Art cannot give us, and those of us
 who have
 discovered her secret can settle beforehand what
 our experi-
 ences are going to be. We can choose our day
 and select our
 hour. We can say to ourselves, "To-morrow, at
 dawn, we
 shall walk with grave Virgil through the valley of
 the shadow
 of death/' and lo> the dawn finds us in the
 obscure wood, and
 the Mantuan stands by our side. We pass
 through the gate
 of the legend fatal to hope, and with pity or with
 joy behold
 the horror of another world. The hypocrites
 go by, with
 their painted faces and their cowls of gilded lead.
 Out of the
 ceaseless winds that drive them, the carnal look
 at us, and we
 watch the heretic rending his flesh, and the
 glutton lashed by
 the rain. We break the withered branches from
 the tree in
 the grove of the Harpies, and each dull-hued
 poisonous twig
 bleeds with red blood before us, and cries aloud
 with bitter
 cries. Out of a horn of fire Odysseus speaks to us,
 and when
 from his sepulchre of flame the great Ghibelline
 rises, the pride
 that triumphs over the torture of that bed
 becomes ours for a
 moment. Through the dim purple air fly those
 who have
 stained the world with the beauty of their sin, and
 in the pit of
 loathsome disease, dropsy-stricken and swollen
 of body into
 the semblance of a monstrous lute, lies Adamo di
 Brescia, the
 coiner of false coin. He bids us listen to his
 misery; we stop,
 and with dry and gaping lips he tells us how he
 dreams day and
 night of the brooks of clear water that in cool
 dewy channels
 gush down the green Casentine hills. Sinon, the
 false Greek of
 Troy, mocks at him. He smites him in the face,
 and they
 wrangle. We are fascinated by their shame, and
 loiter, till
 Virgil chides us and leads us away to. that city
 turreted by
 giants where great Nimrod blows his horn.
 Terrible things are
 in store for us, and we go to meet them in Pante's
 raiment and
 with Dante's heart. We traverse the marshes of
 the Styx, and
 Argenti swims to the boat through the slimy
 waves. He calls
 to us, and we reject him. When we hear the
 voice of his
 agony we are glad, and Virgil praises us for the
 bitterness of
 our scorn. We tread upon the cold crystal of
 Cocytus, in which
 traitors stick like straws in glass. Our foot strikes
 against the
 head of Bocca. He will not tell us his name, and
 we tear the
 hair in handfuls from the screaming skull.
 Alberigo prays us
 to break the ice upon his face that he may weep

a little. We
pledge our word to him, and when he has uttered
his dolorous